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OUR DEAD.

BY ADELAIDS ANNE PROCTOR.

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasure Just a little while, ere they are fled, One by one life robs us of our treasures; Nothing is our own except our dead. They are ours, and hold in faithful keep

ing.
Safe forever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping.
Cruel time can never selze that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven; Human are the great whom we revere; No true crown of honor can be given Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us; and no traces Linger of that smiling angel band; Gone, forever gone; and in their places Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, sti'l ours; They have kept the baby smile, we know, Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers, On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost-and life will take ItThen no memory of the past remains, Save with some strange, cruel stings, that make it Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves Still the radiant shadow—fond regret; We shall find, in some far, bright to Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it Bound with our heart-strings, all ou Any cold and cruel dawn may show it Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts foranke us never; Love, that to death's loyal care has fled, Is thus conse rated ours forever, And no change can rob us of our dead,

So, when fate comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
And, to save our treasures, claims them

THE ECHO IN HER HEART

John Holt was in love; and as he was one of that class who never do things by haives, when he concluded to let the charms of Sarab Pentley rule his happi ness he meant that they should, come

West, come wes.
Sarab Pentley was the beauty of Rough
Reef Beach, and she knew it. Her tather

Sarab Pentley was the beauty of Rough Reef Beach, and she knew it. Her tather kept the only shop in the district, and was the justice of the peace, and general authority for its people on all subjects, save fishings, bysic and theology.

Sarab Pentley was like her father, brave generous and proud; and perhaps it was for this reason that, although John Holt was a go d match, she refused him.

'I said, perhaps, but it might be perhaps and death seemed to reach out its hard to take the crew of the little or ft.

A she entered the channel that ran through John Holt could shift the helm to native, so that when he was wenty five he was loved and respected by all the people. He was trusted, too, and one of the finest vessellating before your gesting the reef and rolled him for a commander.

Sar h Pentley knew this, and knew that he had been very succ saful and had money laid by; she knew, too, that he was a good companion, as d many a plea and strong the red of the same of her intention, or could stop her, she had pushed and before and filled the but she knew too, that he was a good companion, as d many a plea and strongly the red of the same of her intention, or could stop her, she had pushed and before and filled her but she kept on.

les and filled the air with a flood of glori- Her father called her but she kept on.

But he had never thought of love in connection with h m, and when John Holt had told her the Sunday eve before he sailed that he loved her, he had been surprised, and refused him.

They had been rambling over the hills, and had come to a point from which the harbor, with its fleet of fishing schooners,

c uid be seen. Most of them were moored close to the dock, but ore, the finest looking of all, rode near the entrance, rising and failing with the swell, as if impatient to apread her white wings for flight. "The Spray looks well, John, and you sail soon?"

Yes, Sarah, I shall go on next Thursday."
"Do you expect a good season, John?"

"Yes."
"How long will you be gone?"
"I cannot say, I may stay away all ummer, perhaps."
And h s voice cank low.

And his voice sank low.

"It will depend upon you whether I come home before fall or not."

"Upon me?"

"Upon me?"

"Upon me?"

"Upon me?"

"On you, yes. I may as well tell you now. Sarah, for my heart has long wished to show you its secret. I love you. For years since we first githered shells on the beach, I have loved you, and even my boy ish dreams were rull of visions of the time when you would be the queer of my home. For your aske I have studied, and sought to grow worthier of pure love and trust. For your aske I have studied, and saved, that the comforts you now enjoy might be yours always.

Joy! she hears and understands, and as

yours always.

Again he stopp d, and she said not a word; her hands were pressed tightly, her eyes downcast, and with one little foot she marked half circles in the grass.

marked half circles in the grass.

The site one grow oppressive, still she neither raised her eyes nor spoke. Again he went on, but the hope that his voice had expressed when he began talking was all gone now.

I have said that the matter of my coming home before autumn depended on you, and I nave told you why; will you tell me hather I am to come or not, Miss

Now no was silent, his eyes wandering

Now he was slient, his eyes wandering restlersly across the sea.

"Join, you do not know how much it pains me to say that I do not love you, b. I cann tasy otherwise."

H turnel toward, her the deep passion of nit sour making him face, the great disponintment making him wild.

"Do you want to, or is the fishing skirper no match for the squire's daughter?"

"John!"

The plty and reproach in the word re-call d him.

The pity and represent in the call d him.

"Forgive me, I was wild."

Then he selzed her hand in his, and press d hot are se upon it, held it for a moment, and then strode hastily away toward the harbor.

She sazed after him, deep sorrow in her eyes, then turned lowly down the read that led to the heach.

"Poor John." she murmured, softly.

The moon rose, and as the light shine across the waves, she clambered up a ledge that broke the beach, to look at the lighted ea.

When she reached its creat she saw, bearing out from the harbor, directly post her position, the white sails of a vessel.

She we surprised at this, for no vessel was expected to leave before the coming week. On came the light craft, the land wind sending her on so fast sie seemed ful of buoyant life. Soon the schooner was abreast of the ledge, and then Sarah Pentlay any that it was the Spray and Pentley saw that it was the Spray, and her heart told her why it was going so s on with no pasting theer to give it a god-

Somehow the scone grew cold and desc-late after the Spray and been lost among the shadows, and with a sigh she turned away from it and sought her home.

There was much wonder when it was known that John Holt had sailed so soon,

but none gue sed the cause.

The old fishermen, who believed in him, thook their heads wisely, and muttered:
"Cute fellow, smelt the fish."
And the reports that came back during the summer seemed to confirm thi.? for the Spray was doing better than ever be-

Other crafts called at the harbor and stayed a few days, and such, previous to this, had been John Holt's custom; but the summer passed, and he came not. The searon was over and the autumnal equinox at hand and still the Spray was out. There came a day that will always be re-

membered at Rough Reef Beach—one of those days that take hold of time and acta, and become marks in the years—knewn as "the great flood," or "the September gale."
The sun had risen gray and lurid, break-

ing from the low banging mist like a ball of hot steel. The air was bot and oppressive and the gulls came flying landware screaming discordantly.

Then the blue sky paled away to a grayishness, and the sin faded from sight.

Soon the sea grew fretful, and the air was

full of woe.

In the casts dark line gathered along the water and slowly up the sky, growing blacker as it rose in hight. Still no wind, Then, under the low-lying blackness, a white line growing bread, but rolling along the face of the sea, told that the storm has

Never before had the shock been so Never before had the shock been so great or sudden. Sweeping like demons filled with the power of wrath, the huge waves broke upon the reef and ran foaming up the beach. But there was no rain. The foamwhirl filled the air, but the clouds held firm.

The old men had gathered at Pently's

shep, while the younger ones were watch-ing the moorings of the crafts in the harbor. All could see the ocean, tossed harbor. All could see the ocean tossed by the wind and raging for prey.

Then a cry arose. Tarough the tossing crests, far out at sea, came the wite line of a sail. Nearer, nearer,—and the high ledge was thronged with anxious watchers who had hurried there; men from the ahop and harbor, women and children from the cottage, for a fear had seemed to fall up-on them all and fill them with dread—the fear that the vessel in the mad fury you-der was the one that held lives dear to

der was the one that held lives dear to them—the Sprsy.

On she came, the foam flying over her and often hiding her from view; and still the stray sights given them had told the watchers that their fears was realized—

There were white lips and prayers, but no tears. Death was a thing with which the dwellers of Roug. R-of Beach were too well acquainted to call for such a notion

unit it came.

They new that Holt was making for the harbor, and could be make it, he would be safe. But would be make it? Still the Spray came on White face watched her, but whitest of all was that of Sarah Pentley.

"Oh, John, John—I love you; I love you!"

So rang the echo in her heart; and if he should be lost, would it not ring so forevers. When she knew it was the Spray that was driving before the storm, and heard heard, her heart, awakened to the know tedge that he was all to her.
"He shall not it—oh, God is too good!" she said. And so she waited and watched

"I love him and will die with him or save hir," she answered but the wind drowned her voice. Eager eyes watched her, eager hands were stretch out to save her, when a wave came roaring in—but it seemed that the fate of God was with her.

Joy! she bears and understands, and as the rope is flung to her, grasps it firmly. The wind, too, helps her now, for it bears

The wind, too, helps her now, for it bears her along towards her rope.

Not a moment too soon, either, for just as the swirl encircled her boat the schooner broke up, and the sp rs and planks mingled with the yeasty foam.

Waves broke over them, fragments of the wreck da-hed by them, still they felt they were going on towards safet, and on the beach strong hands were waiting to seize the line and bring them ashore.

Hands that were so eager that their owners waded out into the surf to be dashed back on the sands.

back on the sands.
At last the b at, still forced on by its weary but undaunted mistress, rose on a heavy roller and came rushing up the cov, to be grasped and held firmly scainst the action of the foe by strong and nervous

As the spar reached the shelter of the ledge, strong arms encircled the half dead forms lashed thereto, and bore them to the

land.
Juy, joy none were dead, though excitement and bruises had made John Holt senseless. But life came, and as ne opened his eyes, their glance was met by one so fond, so loving that he clused them again, thinking that he was dreaming or dead.

But they were not dead lips that whispered:
"John, am I forgiven and leved now?"

Then his arms clasped her form, and Sarah Pentley knew that love and for-giveness were hers. Bob Ingersoil first lectured on "hell,"

IRIBE AGITATORS

Daniel O'Co melland (barles Parnell

(Harper's Magazine for March.)

What Wouter Van Twiller, or stout old Peter Stayvesant, or Dominie Everardus Bogardus would have said of a political meeting on Sunday evening, in New Amsterdam may be surmised; out their minatory ghosts could not prevent a reat assembly in New York to greet Mr. Parnell on the Sunday evening after his arrival in this country, and to hear a speech from him upon the renewal of the Irish agitations. The huge inclosure called Madison square garden is the only place in the city, for such a purposa. There were five or six thousand poople assembled, but large areas of the space was bare. The long galleries on the sides were two-thirds filled, and there was a decay crowd standing closely for some distance around the platform. It was evidently that only a practiced speaker could make himself intelligible in the rather dim and desolate building, and it was equally evident to the curious hearer it was equally evident to the curious hearer who turned in from the street and moved toward the platform that the tall, full-bearded, high-browed, gentlemanly man who was speaking was a practiced speak-

bearded, high-browed, geathemanly man who was speaking was a practiced speaker.

It was impossible not to look with interest at the leader of what is acknowledged in England to be the deepest and most general agitation in Ireland since that of O'Connell, for repeal. O'Connell, as Phillips depicts him, was a typical Irishman, Other Irish leaders strike the imagination as more heroic, as romantic, as more unselfish. The name O'Connell, for instance, will never be irradiated with the tender poetic halo that surrounds that of Robert Emmet. But no Irish leader, not even Grattan, was ever such a master of Ireland. No man in modern times so swayed a whole people as Daniel O'Connell swayed the Irish. It was something to see his successor in the leadership of agitation. But in the place of the burly, rubicund, wily, rollicking, wholly Irish face and form of the famous sgitator, here was a grave, thin, thoroughly Americanlooking man, speaking easily, with perfect self-possession, with consummate prudence, but without oratorical fervor—earnest, sincere, direct, but without "magnetism," yet with a fluency which is distinctively American, and with the tempered air of one trained to Perliment debate in a minority. He held copicus notes in his hand, to which he referred without being in the least constrained by them; and with great skill, acquired by the habit of addressing to which he referred without being in the least constrained by them; and with great skill, acquired by the shoit of addressing large crowds under difficult circumstances, he threw his voice to the farther edge of the audience, and was heard, by attentive listening, by everybody in the building. There was no bitterness, no denunciation, no scarcasm; no kind of rhetorical or personal display, in the speech. It was the pisin statement of a man in earnest but without a single characteristic to be expected of a noted Irish agitator.

This is not surprising when the hearer discovers that the agitator is but half Irish, and that the other half is American. He is the grandson of our Commodore

is the grandson of our Commodore Stewart, and he has not come for the first Stewart, and he has not come for the first time to America; and it is agreeable to think that the tone and the prudence of his speech were due to the American drop in his broad. Early in his address he said distinctly that the agitation did not propose revolution; but sood within the constitution and the laws; and the most dra-"What's this?" what's this?" Quick as thought allitle fellow innocently replied, "The pseaker was his alliance to ermed insurrection. There were, doubtless, he said, many who believe the agination to me an open rebellion, and there were many in Ireland who would gladly raise in arms. At this suggestion of peases the war waged by other people, three blooms and miles over the soa, there was a wild and long tumult of cheering. And very possibly, continued the speaker, there is a many in Ireland who would said sympathize with an amed movement. This remark was greeted with another prolonged shout. But not a single penny which is raised in this country, said the wagitator, quietly and torcibly, will be devoted to any such purpose. The response was very moderate and limited applause that the speaker was not in the least conscience. He evidently understood bis audience and himself. When he mentioned an Irish landlord who according to the report of the speaker was not in the least conscience and himself. When he mentioned an Irish landlord who according to the report of the manity, and the remark was instantly felt by the throng.

The may have lost his legs, be has a strong clear head." It was generous and a gentle manity, and the remark was instantly felt by the throng.

The merits of the agitation we do not

by the throng.

The merits of the agitation we do not ween England and Ireland, and it now tween England and Ireland, and it now makes the most radical of demands—that of the redistribution of the land, to begin by the erection of the government into the gigantic Irish landlord, who shall let the land in small holdings to tenants who rent in thirty years and will pay for it, and, as Mr Parnell said, the occupiers of the land shall become its owners. This will seem to may minds mere Irish states manship: but is John Bull willing that the condition of the Ireland of to-day, should be regarded as an illustration of British statesmanship?—Entron's Easy Chair.

CHAIR.

seemed that the fate of God was with her.

Slowly, but surely, she went on, the twirl of the sea sanding her this way anthat, and now other eyes than those on the ledge watched her.

Clinging to the fast breaking schooner John Holt and his companions saw the boat tossing in the foam, yet steadily making way. Then Holt recognized the woman who was risking sill for them, and shouted for her to go back. She did not hear.

They had done all to save themselves that they could. Lashed to a spare spartite only hope after the sea had destroyed their boats, with such high floats as they could seize, the crew of the schooner were waiting the end. They remembered that death had always been king hore, and hoped not for relief.

Then the beat came, but they knew that on'y ne could get in it, and before it could return to them again the end would come.

"Ouick, a long line," said Holt, exci-Story of a Boot-Black. devoted no little share of their time to that purpose. They found him ready, willing and studious. He lost not a moment of his precious time, but applied himself diligenty, perseveringly to his studies, and soon became equal, if not superior, to some of

A loving British wife's postscript to a letter addressed to her husband in New York: "Dear Willism, I have perused the police reports and morgue returns every day, hoping to see your name."

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

He who Mrs. to take a kiss, Has Mr. thing he should not Miss

-Acta Colu.obiana. The trouble with the midnight cat is not so much that it can not sing as that it firm-ly believes it can.

Edison says the newspapers make light of his latest invention more successfully than he can do it himself.

A barber is always open to conviction. Tell him his razor is dull, and he will hone up.—Boston Transcript.

Mount Vesuvius is troubled with eruptions, and they don't know what to do with the crater.—New Orleans Picayune. A subscriber to the Herald's Irish relief fund exclaims: "May a mouse never leave your cupboard with a tear in his eye."

Among men and women it is the religious ones that keep Lent most faithfully, but the c-se is different with books. Mrs. Youngwoman wants to know "bew he can tell a fresh egg from a stale one?" "Will you name the bones of the head?"

said a teacher to one of his class. "I've got'em all in my head, teacher," replied the pupil, "but I can't give 'em." The seal probably puts up with more insults and abuse than any other animal. He is known the world over as a furbearing animal.—St Albans Advertiser.

Tennyson frequently spends hours over a single line of his poetry before he can get it right, and the sweet singer of Michigan says if she couldn't write poetry faster than that, she would be ashamed of her-self.—Boston Post.

self.—Boston Post.

"Well, Ethel, dear," said an uncle to his little five-year-old niece, "if you like your new toy come and put your arms around my neck and give me a kisa." The little maiden complied; but as she did so, she remarked: "Oh, uncle, how I do spoil you." spoil you."

Chinese Must Go." Asking the Chinaman what he did that for, the reply was, "Sand-lot man be read that, buy the box, smoke my cigar." Pat: "Well, Dan, and have yo heard the news—have ye heard that Rory the miller's dead?" Dan: "Rory the miller is it that's

dead new? Jabers, but ye don't say so, and

dead new? Jabers, but ye don't say so, and he was a young man too." Pat: Faith, an' that's threw for ye. Dan; he was such a young man, now, that I expected to see him at my own funeral instead of me going to Chemists have found that the smoke of s cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid. oreesote and carbonic acid, ammenia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, verodine,
picoline, Intidine, collodine, parvoline,
coredine and rubidine. And the boy who
has just tried it for the first time will tell
you that he believes it does.—Boston Post

A clergyman asked his Sunday school: A clergyman asked his Sunday school:
"With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer; and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this?" What's this?" Quick as thought a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

and that it is a very important and tag, dull, \$2.25a3.00; selling, \$3.0a3.25; valuable part of divine service is unquestioned and unquestionable. That or a curse, is self-evident. There is a discuss hers. It grows out of the unhap-py relations that have always existed be-is such totally unsuited; there is a music truly and really church music, devotional and sacred in the full sense of the term; and there is a music which ought no more to be heard in connection with the services of God's house than that the average novel should be made the text book of Son-

day-school instruction. There is no sense whatever in using the wrong, poor and injurious article when the right, good and true is at hand in plentiful abundance and obtainable at as little or less cost or trouble than the former. And even if the better article should cost more money, toll and trouble, it is worth all it costs, if it costs anything—at least in this case. There is no excuse for any sensible and decent person who will persist in breathing foul and disease-laden air, while Heaven's pure and life-giving breezes are sweeping the earth in the most lavish abundance, and he is at all able to walk abroad or let the air come to him. There is just as little excuse for the is just as little excuse for the presence of unchurchly music in the churches. That there is loud complaint on this subject, is also undenia-ble. True, the complaint is far from being as universal and as loud as it should be; nor is it listened to as it deserves to be. The average Christian public is too careless and lazy to bother itself about any such subject as the character of music; most people are too ignorant to know what that means and unable to tell the right from the wrong

precious time, but applied himself dilgently, perseveringly to his studies, and soon became equal, if not superior, to some of he instructors.

His advance in merit was very rapid; so great was it, that numbers were unable to recognize in the gitted and talented young man the once poor and needy boot-black. About this time there was a great change in the religion of England. There arose a sect who were strict observers of the Lora's Day, faithul readers of God's word, and who had stated ougaments in prayer. With this party George immediately connected himself, and soon became one of the ablest and most consistent members. The youths who once sought his company now it rested him with sneering and contempt. Those who once cousi lered him a reckless fanite, and avoided his society as they would have done a poor drunkard. All this did not move him, Ha was firm as a rock. Mothing could schange him. L'as Moses, he preterred a life of Christian consistency to the enjoyment of sin for a season. His unablanging conduct won for him many won and arde't admirers, and many who formerly branded him as a fanatic became his best friends. He soon became one of the most pious and talented preachers in England, and such numbers flocked to hear him that the largest house in London conding to conduct won for him many wone and so the proceed of the students at the pre-ched in the open fields to thousands, and the great amount of good which he did eternity only the students at Oxford Univers.ty? It was George Whitefield.

A loving British wife's postacript to a great price of the students at Oxford Univers.ty? It was George Whitefield. and a most pliant Christian charity are necessary to discover the good c a med to be accomplished. An example of this fact is furnished by a movement, only a few

years old, in our American churches The music, besides being none too devotional, or rather largely on that account, had become so grand (?) and artificial that it not only furnished the apathetic church-goer with a most excellent excuse for non-participation, but made it impossible for those who desived to account the second control of the s desired to unite in singing the hymns to do so; in short, the lazy ones would not, and those who wanted to could not sing it. So the choir did it all. Then came the extraordinary large sale and use of the Moody and Sankey books. Again "the people" began to sing, to some extent, at least. But al-ready voices of objection and charges of unchurchliness, etc., against those books are by no means rare, and what la worse, are only too well founded in

fact.
Well, what is to be done? Clearly
it is the duty of those who see or claim
to see the evit and know or claim to know the remedy; who are able to laste it, goosey, taste it.—Burlington enlighten those who have an uneasy sense that there is something wrong and are anxious to do the right, but do not exactly see their way clear, to so enlighten them. There are those who need strengthening in their conflict with the mischief; the evil must be set into a clear light, before any lasting good can be accomplished. To de-nounce the evil is easy enough; to prepare books with "good music" is well enough; but to en-lighten ministers, organists and people on the reason for the rejection The baggage-master of the Central as cific railroad says that he recently saw a Chinese cigar manufacturer pasting labels on his boxes on which was printed. "The article, who belongs to the class of those who know better what they do want; who has

bolesnie Grain and Produce Market

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Feb. 21, 1880. chase all offerings of Corn this week for

There is an active demand for Field Seeds: Clover, \$5.50a \$6 per bushel; Timothy, \$3, 25a3.50; Red Top, \$1,10a1.25; Orchard

6ic. Lard, new country, buying at 7i a8c; selling at 8ic; city rendered 8ia9c. WHEAT-Active; buying at \$1,20a1,30 for white; Lancaster and Fultz, \$1.15a

CATE—New crop; 5 ying, loose, 35a874c selling, 46a48c.
POTATORS—Loose, scarce, 65a75c.
HAY—Loose, 90ca\$1.00 per 100 lbs; baled hay \$1.25. baled hay \$1.25.

DEFEL FAUTT—Apples firm, 4j to 5c per pound: Peaches; halves, 7c. Blackbarries, 7ia8c.

FLOUR—Nominal: country extra buy-

Eogs-Buying 9a. Poultry-Live, Hens, active; 4s44c per lb.; Roos ers, 2ic; Turkeys, 5s54c. Dressed, Hens, 7c per lb.; Turkeys, 8s84c.

-Cotton, 24a2fc BE ISWAY-21c per pound. Ginarng-Fall, \$1.15a1.25.

BRASS-10a12c.; Copper, 10a12c. Wool-Per pound, 45a48c. Appl.ms-Green, \$1.25a2.00 per bushel.

[CORRECTED DAILY.] KNOXVILLE, Feb. 21. Soaps. Bio-Good 143/a163/ Town Talk Prime 17a173/ Standard Choi e 183/a19 Jasan Olive German Citye German Citye Sugars, ENGRYILLE SOAPS. Family, 60 lbs.... 83

Tobacco. Common, 11 in, \$\pi\$ b \$30a40 Bright, 50a50 Unddy, 6 inch 55a71 Fancy Branda 55a65 Smeking 50a60 Syrape 30a40 Fancy 50a55 Smoking 50a55 Smoking 50 50a 75 55a 75 5°a1 00 | Spices | 19a | 75 | Drop Shot | 22 40 | | 19a | 19a

Canned Goods, Saltpetre 3 to Water Proof 50a70 5 to Musket 75a80 2 50 Soda 75a80 Parlor Matches 2 50a7 5 1 00a 1 25 Drawing room 3 50 1 25a 1 75 Stok Candy 1234a184

Parafine, per lb 23az5 Repe. Star, full weight 14 Cotton 2 a22 Ruoxville Bernit Market,

[GORRECTED DAILY.] KROXVILLE, Feb. 21.

Beeswax,
Beef green,
dried,
Candles, WD
Qual Otl.

of the one class of music and the adoption of the other, a statement of the great truths and principles underthe great truths and principles underlying the entire matter, presented in clear and popular language and confining itself to general and universally applicable facts, so as to furnish a standard by which all music could be judged, would be infinitely better. There are those for whom this is not as difficult as for the writer of this article, who belongs to the class of not than what they do want; who has only a trifls more dislike for the flat and sickly music to be abolished than for the harsh and "indigestible" article offered in its stead. In order to get himself and others in a similar plight a little more into the clear, and if possible to induce some one able to do so to take up and do justice to the matter, there thoughts are offered.

MARKET REPORTS

[CORRECTED DAILY.]

The advance in Wheat noted in yesterday's quotations applies to large sales of choice white. There is no advance in small quantities and irregular grades. Corn and Oats are very dull. The millers purlocal consumption.

Country cured Bacon, hog round, 6a

for white: Lancaster and 1.25 per bushel, Closs-New, dull, 46a48c, loose; selling in car loads, 55a562, OATE-New crop; baying, loose, 35a374c

SENEKA SNAKE-35a40c. HIDES-Dry 14a15c.; green, 61a7c Tallow-5c. Flax SEED-Per bushel, 90a\$1.00.

Wholesale Grocery Market.

1 oz package:\$3 50a 3 75 4 os. per box 13 25 75 Cigara. - 00 All brds, PM 812 (0a5) 0 9a 20 Powder. 1 06 R fie, per keg..... 12 Riffs, per ½ keg....

2 m. 1 20a 1 7 Ster Candy 125a 27 Grecom* Brugs, Mixed Candy 16 Indigo S.F. a b 85a 2 Co Matras 75a 1 00 Dute's Madder 12a 13 Carolins, per ib 734a 3 (Candles, Rangoon, 7a7) 5 Candles.

| Section | Sect

INVALIDS AND OTHERS SEEKING

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and others who suffer from Nervous and Physical De-pility, Loss of Manly Vigor, Premature Enhanciou and the many gloomy consequences of early indiscre-tion, etc., are especially benefited by consulting its The ELECTRIC REVIEW exposes the unmitigated frauds practiced by questioned an entired imposture who profess to "practice tremtaine," and points out the only safe, simple, and effective road to hoolth, Vigor and your address on postal certifier a copy, and normation worth thousands will be a copy, and normation worth thousands will be a copy, and

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For sheriff. We are authorised and requested to announce HOMER GILMORE as a candidate for sheriff of Knox county, at the ensuing August effection in and desti

ian6d&wtf We are authorized and requested to announce WILEY B. WRIGHT is a candidate for Sherif of Knox county, at the ensuing August election; subject to the Knox County Republican Conven-

Live Stock Market. [CORRECTED DAILY.]

Caldwell, Butchers.
KNOXVILLE, Feb. 11.

Reported for the CHRONIGLE by Jones, Leo &

There has not been much doing in shipping cattle as yet, as the figures of bolders are too high. Stock steers in good demand at fair figures. Sheep and hogs quiet. Hoos. 200 pounds and upwards, 3la4je. Lets than 200 pounds 3 c. Net hogs 4a41.

BENF CATTLE. Small fat cattle 14a2c; 600a800 pounds do. lia2le; best 3le. SHREP. No. 1, 21a3c; common, \$1.25a1.50. VEALS.

\$1.50 to \$2.50, according to quality. Chattanooga Market Chattanooga Commercial, Feb. 14 Conn-In demand, 54a55c WHEAT-Market dull, \$1.25al.30. MEAL-60 cents per bushel. MEATS-Bulk meats, long clear sides,71c; noulders, 54c; hams, 84c. Bacon-None offered.

Bacon-None offered.
LARD.-In caus, 8fc.
OATS-Per bushel, 45a50 cents.
HAY-\$1.00a1 05 per cwt.
Porators-Irish, 70c; sweet, \$1.00.
FLOUR-Extra, \$0.00; family, \$6.75;
exira family, \$7.00; famey, \$7.25.
POULTRY-Chickene, frying, 15a17c.
EGGS-Per dezen, 10c.
BUTTER-Per pound, 15a18c.
GINSENG-Per pound, \$1.05a1.15.
BEESWAX-Per pound, 18a10c.
HIDES-Green, 4c; salted, 6c; dry salted, 9a13c. Alted, 9al3c. FEATHERS- Choice, 35a40c.

Tallow-Dull, per pound, 5c. Live Stock-Beel, 2ade gross; sheep, 2ade hogs, Sie gross.

Atlanta Constitution, Feb. 14. FLOUR-Family, \$7.25; extra family, \$7.50; Bacon-Tennessee sides So; sugar-cured

fanor, 5.7.5.

Bacon-Tomessee sides Sc: sugar-cured hams 10/salic.

Bulk Mrats—Clear rib sides '% 17/sc: clear sides To.

Bulk Mrats—Clear rib sides '% 17/sc: clear sides To.

Land—Tierces Fluide; kest and caus 9/sc.

What—Tennessee, choir. Slabalic per bushel.

Oars—Sc per bushel.

Hay—Timothy, 51 35; mixed, 31 30.

Conx—White Usa622 by car load.

Mrall—70c.

Pass—block, 85:890c per bushel.

Porarous—Trinh Tennessee, 12/bag1.00 per bbli:

sweet, 95:81:00 per bushel.

Onions—Tannessee St. 55:50 per barrel.

Eags—Per dozen, 12/bc.

Buttan—Ternessee, tholic, 30:22c.

Farmass—New Choics mixed 50:35.

Buttan—Ternessee, tholic, 10:20:20.

Farmass—New Choics mixed 50:35.

Darbo *Rettr—Pesshee, pooled, 150: unpeoled, 53:5; apples, 52:6.

Live brock—Cattle, Tennessee choice 2a:33:5;

medium, 2a:35:c; ounmen, 1%a:1%c. Hogs, 4a:1/2;

shoats, 31:53:5; c. Sheep, 3a:1/sc.

Atlanta Market